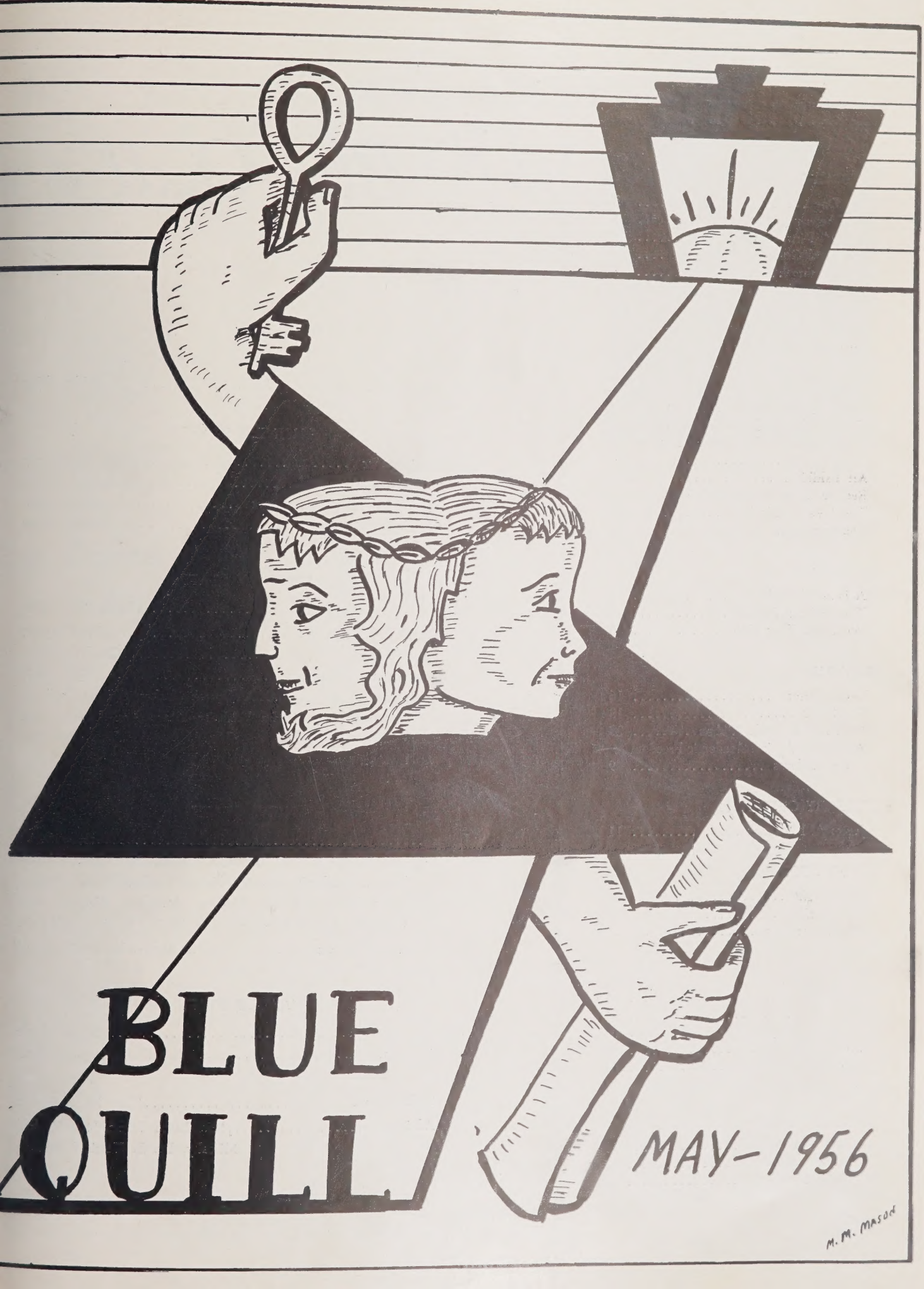
BLUE
QUILL
MAY-1956
M. M. MASON

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MAY DAY

Queens' annual May Day festivities ere held on Friday afternoon, May 4th, the May Dell. The theme, "Let's ance a While" was carried out by nces representative of various coun-ies of the world. The dances included ere South American, Greek, Scottish, ersian, and the Charleston.

Barbara Minogue was the May ueen, and Mary Jacqueline Rolston as the Maid of Honor. The attendants ere Joan Barrett, Frances De Armon, emie Dickson, Kitty Sue Faulconer, lary Lynn Gregg, Margaret Jones, harlotte Lee, Sophie Leventis, Ann ogan, Anna McAlpin, Ann McPhail, is Phillips, Linda Todd, Jean True-orthy, Anne Turpin, Betty Wooten.

In the evening, following the May ay activities, the Dolphin Club pre-nted a water show.

—S. D.

Duo Dance Convocation

Emily Frankel and Mark Ryder, one America's outstanding duo-dance ams, performed at a Queens College nvocation April 17. They travel with company called the Dance Drama and it many colleges and universities roughout the country.

The recital at Queens was an in-rmal one with explanations for each mber given in an amusing manner. ter the program the audience was al-ved to ask questions either about the rsonal life of the married couple or out their work.

The program consisted of four dances: Play in Four Times, a solo by Emily ankel to an old English ballad, a ne from the Bible story of Jacob's e, and finally a love dance.

A Play in Four Times concerned the e of a man from early boyhood. The st phase was his attempts at athletics ootball, basketball, baseball, and box-g. The motions of the game were ily understood and added humor to e pantomime. The next stage in the e of an all-American boy was his rtship which was exemplified by four ferent types of girls. Marriage and siness success followed, and then ne the father with his child. Here was two-man theater in itself."

(Continued on page 9)

Commencement Speaker

The commencement address to the graduating class of 1956 will be delivered in Belk Chapel on May 28 by the Honorable Paul Martin, Canadian Minister of National Health and Welfare. Mr. Martin, who assumed his present duties in 1946, has been in public and governmental services since 1935 when he was elected to the House of Commons.

Mr. Martin has studied extensively in Canada and Europe. He received a B.A. degree from St. Michael's College, University of Toronto; he also taught there for three years while studying law. He received his M.A. and was graduated in law from Osgood Hall, Toronto. Mr. Martin has also studied at Harvard University, Cambridge University, England, and the School of International Studies, Geneva, Switzerland. He holds honorary degrees from American and Canadian institutions.

In 1930 Mr. Martin became affiliated with a law firm in Windsor, Ontario. From 1931 to 1934 he was also lecturer in political science at Assumption College, University of Western Ontario. In 1934 he became senior partner of the law firm of Martin, Laird, Easton, and Cowan. He was appointed King's Counsel in 1937. Two years later he was made chairman of the Canadian delegation to the World Youth Congress in Geneva, and later he became official delegate to the nineteenth assembly of the League of Nations.

Mr. Martin has been the Canadian representative at United Nations sessions in London and New York. He also assumed the duties of Secretary of State in 1945. His appointment as Minister of Health and Welfare has been highlighted by the inauguration of the National Health Program in 1948 and by the development of the Federal Old Age Security Program in 1951.

The commencement address by Mr. Martin will precede the conferring of degrees upon the 83 members of the class of 1956. Dean Gordon W. Sweet will present the candidates, and Dr. Edwin R. Walker, president of the college, will confer the degrees. Candidates for A.B. Degrees are: Emmie Hay Alexander, Mary Mundy Alexander, Patricia Margaret Ballard, Lynne Fairfield Barnes, Rachel Tsitouris Biggers, Alice Susan Blondell, Margaret Brice, Sally Ann Bullock, Joyce Lee Burrier, Mariory Winton Carter, Mustafa Dahir, Margaret Dick, Mary Ann Dover, Jane Katherine Emery, Patricia Jeannette

Fesperman, Mitzi Louise Green, Bertha Smith Hamilton, Jean Hubbard, Jennie Rebecca Jordan, Barbara Watkins Kelca, Marjorie Pauline Lotshaw, Caroline Greenway McIlwaine, Julia Mitchell Sydnor Jane Patrick, Margaret Sue Adams Rose, Edward Stuart Shannonhouse, Elaine Sipe, William Worthington Spearman, Richard Stavrakas, Buel J. Stevenson, Sylvia Catherine Stuart, Katherine Stuckey, Barbara Jean Tucker, Anne Alphin Turpin, Anett Wannamaker, Martha Trumbore Whittier, Patricia Anne Williams.

Candidates for B.S. degrees are: Xanie Ruth Curry Adams, Anne Ruth Beckman, Cynthia Faye Blue, Helen Jeanette Brooks, Helen Eileen Colby, Frankie Lenora Compton, Julia Lyons Crews, Margaret Chesterman Duckwall, Mary Louise Duffie, Virginia Lee Epes, Sara Gibert Evans, Edwin Dean Ferguson, Margaret Gary, Elizabeth Ann Gunn, Betty Martin Haigler, Ruth Jeanene Hallman, Ann Turner Hayes, Sadie Gertrude Jennings, Shirley Ann Joye, Joanna Lou Klutz, Beth Ann Lowdermilk, Florence Angeline McCaskill, Jean Ellen Miller, Barbara Jeanne Minogue, Nancy Cecile Money, Ruth Cole Nicklaus, Mary Jo Patton, Iris Louise Phillips, Mildred Ann Plonk, Betty Nelle Podeyn, Ramona Evelyn Price, Anne Carlton Query, Jane Vick Robinson, Mary Jacqueline Rolston, Ann Marie Rowland, Jessie Nelson Scott, Lois Ann Scott, Ruth Rayl Stewart, Jane Robinson Walker, Ruth McQuiston Williams.

Two year associate certificates are to be given to: Elizabeth Bates Bell, Martha Elizabeth Grady, June Elizabeth Reid, Elizabeth Hill Jarrett, Miriam Elizabeth Link.

—E. M.

Are Your Ideas About Vocational Opportunities For Women Still Wearing Bustles?

Many years have past since the bustle was the most fashionable item in the field of women's clothing. While all of us may be up to date in the latest fashion news, there are too many of us today who still feel that the opportunities for women in vocational fields are still wearing bustles. Granted, there is still great demand for teachers, nurses, social workers, and workers in the field of library science and home economics, but do we know enough about the other possible fields in which women can engage successfully?

The number of women working is rapidly increasing. The fields in which the most rapid gains have been made are in the clerical, managerial, and operative divisions of work. The greatest decrease has come in the division which is classified as women as household servant workers.

There is an ever increasing number of women dentists, editors, reporters, mathematicians, and social scientists. A greater number of women than ever own and operate their own business.

These new and unlimited opportunities are interesting and exciting. However, through all these changes, there stands unchanged the most important vocation. That is the role of homemaker and mother. The homemaker is a combination of educator, religious worker, doctor, and all the other of the most honorable of the vocations. She stands for all that is good and true. By means of a liberal education a woman can be better prepared to step into her home in years to come.

In view of the expanding opportunities for college trained women, Queens is planning to establish a program which will provide students with information about every vocation in which a woman can happily do her best work. A of these unlimited opportunities are based on the liber education which Queens provides for her students. Ve shortly, a section of the periodical room of our library wi contain information about many fields of work. In the ne future when you see a sign asking, "Are your ideas abo vocational opportunities for women still wearing bustles? search your ideas and see if they are old fashioned. The stop and read the material available. Who knows, you ma be a future surveyor, airplane pilot, radio operator, draft man, or engineer.

At the November meeting of the Southern Associatio of Colleges for Women, Marguerite W. Zapoleon, Speci Assistant of the Women's Bureau in the U. S. Departme of Labor, spoke on "Expanding Opportunities For Colle Trained Women." For her closing statements she par phrased what Thomas Wolfe describes as the promise America. She stated that with all our colleges and un versities working together we should be able to offer the young women of today faculties and facilities to enab women to be prepared in order that they may capably ent all these new areas of opportunity arising.

Her paraphrase says,

"To every woman her chance—
To every woman, regardless of her birth,
her shining golden opportunity—
To every woman, the right to live, to work,
To be herself and to become whatever thing
her womanhood and her vision can combine
to make her—
This, seeker, is the promise of America."

—B.

PATRON'S DINNER

The annual dinner honoring the patrons of Queens College was held in Morrison Hall on April 11, 1956. Patrons, faculty, and seniors were guests at this formal occasion; hostesses were various members of the student body.

Dr. Edwin R. Walker presided at the dinner. The invocation was offered by the Rev. James E. Fogartie, pastor of the Myers Park Presbyterian Church. McAlister Carson, past chairman of the board of trustees, welcomed the guests. The chairman of the patrons committee, Martin K. Waters, gave a brief history of the committee. Jean Miller, pianist, and Beth Davis, soprano, furnished music for the occasion.

The highlight of the evening was the address by David Ovens, one of Queens' greatest benefactors. He described the rapid growth which Charlotte has experienced in the last few years and called on those present to see that the educational and cultural institutions keep pace with this development. He closed by pointing out that the best investments are those which provide the most lasting benefits.

—M. W.

Summer School Session

The Queens summer school for 1956 will be open for re istration June 4 through June 9. Classes for the six-we session begin June 11 and end July 20. Classes for the eig week session begin June 11 and end August 3. The eig week session is open only for laboratory courses such biology and chemistry.

Courses offered during these summer sessions are Bib biology, chemistry, economics, education, English, geog phy, history, mathematics, music, and Spanish.

The faculty will consist of members of the regular Quee College faculty, assisted by other people from Charlot The following members of the Queens faculty will tea this summer: Dr. J. Russell Boner, Dr. L. H. Chewni Dr. Philip J. Green, Mr. John A. Holliday, Mr. Earl Berg, Mr. Hughes Bayne Hoyle, Dr. Lawrence R. Nicho Miss Sarah McKee Nooe, Mr. John H. Norman, Dr. Andr Lee Pickens, Miss Mary Lee Taylor, and others. The st members from Charlotte who will supplement the facu will be announced later.

The registration fee is $5. The tuition is $15 per semes hour with special fees for applied music. Students earn semester hours' credit for the six-week session and eig semester hours' credit for the eight-week session.

—E.

The New Curriculum

The new catalogue for 1956-1957 ontains a new curriculum that is as odern as its cover design. In an as-embly program on April 19 Dean Gor-on W. Sweet explained the new degree equirements and stressed the necessity hat students study the catalogue and ecide on their plans for the coming ear. He stated, also, that the students ho are now at Queens may continue eir old course of study if they prefer; ut the faculty urges the students to egin on the new plan of study if it is all possible.

The outline of the new curriculum the part of the catalogue that is of ost interest to the present students. his new program of study has been orked on by the faculty over a period two years. The result of this work is garded by many as a greatly improved rriculum. The curriculum is divided to three sections: the program of basic quirements, elective hours, and activ-hours. The basic requirements have en changed very little, but now the ident may exercise a greater variety choice in completing these require-ents. The elective hours are planned that the student may if she wishes, an her elective subjects in order to tain a teacher's certificate in elemen-y or secondary education or obtain cretarial training. The program of ac-ity hours has some required work, but uch of it will be freely chosen by the idents in fields of sports, arts, dra-atics, music, or writing.

At Queens the emphasis is now placed the bachelor of arts degree because ueens is a liberal-arts college. The ly bachelor of science degrees to be nferred under the new curriculum ll be in laboratory technology or in rsing.

The requirements in the field of con-ntration have not changed greatly. ey are not less than thirty semester urs and not more than forty semester urs in one department. The maximum it has been established so that the dent may pursue knowledge in more n one area.

Even after the catalogue was pub-ed, the faculty did not stop their rk on the new curriculum. A new jor field has been announced recent-comparative literature. There are also w courses in the fields of music, eco-nics, speech, and sociology.

—H. L.

The Movies at Queens

As an added part to Queens Centennial year, our college life will be shown by the movies which have been shot throughout the school term. All of this is made possible by a generous gift from the Jefferson Standard Foundation to cover the expenses. The WBTV station, Charles Crutchfield, president, and Ken Tredwell, vice president, is in charge of the filming and production of the movie. The station is operated by the Jefferson Standard Broadcasting Company.

Varied shots have been made by two expert cameramen, Mr. Dan Givan, production director, and Mr. J. Nathan Tucker, film director. Mr. Givan has had a great deal of experience in this work, as he was producer of a series of nineteen movies for the ESSO Standard Oil Company, illustrating each state that company serves.

Some of the finished scenes are: work in the different laboratories, study in the library, the faculty and seniors entering Belk Chapel, the choir, Dr. Walker addressing the student body, student government installation, the fall square dance, Rush Week, the Christmas dance, the Boar's Head Dinner, coffee in Burwell, the day student activities, dormitory life, and many others. Also included are such scenes as Dr. Walker, Dean Sweet, and Mrs. Green counseling with the students. The movies will continue being taken through May Day, Alumni Reunion, and Commencement.

Over four thousand feet of film have been shot, but at least five thousand will be made before completion. During the summer will come the laborious job of editing the film into some nine hundred feet, or a twenty-seven and one-half minute movie.

The movie, black and white, will be shown on television in the fall. Several prints are to be made; and copies will be made available to interested groups, alumni clubs, churches, and schools through the alumni office.

—B. W.

Homecoming

"Back to school" is the cry of the Queens alumnae because the 25th and 26th of May mark Homecoming. Reunion for ten classes of Queens College and the 1929 class of Chicora College have been planned. Highlights of the week-end affair include Friday night dinner and after dinner coffee, meetings of reunion classes and parties for the different classes, the general alumnae meeting in Ninniss Saturday when reports will be made and new officers will be elected, and a luncheon in Morrison Dining Hall at which seniors will be welcomed into the association. Tours of the campus will be conducted during the week-end when many alumnae will see the new buildings that have been constructed since they left: the Ovens Gymnasium, Belk dormitory, Stultz, Belk Chapel, and Student Union Building.

The dual purpose of this Homecoming is to make the alumnae aware of responsibilities for the future and to reacquaint them with the college, its present program, and its plans for the future.

—L. T.

Dr. Chewning Attends Conference

The Association for Higher Education, a department of the National Education Association, held its Eleventh National Conference on Higher Education on March the fifth through the ninth. Dr. L. Harris Chewning represented Queens College at the conference, which was held at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, Illinois. College teachers and administrators from all parts of the United States attended the conference.

The program consisted of several general sessions at which outstanding leaders in education discussed current problems of colleges. There were also a number of informal group discussions. A basic topic around which many speeches and discussions centered was one concerned with how colleges can best adapt themselves to the enormous increase in enrollments which is expected to take place by 1970.

Dr. Chewning gave a report of the conference to the Queens faculty on Friday, April the twentieth.

—C. H.

Retirement of Pickens and Green

Dr. Andrew L. Pickens, associate professor of biology at Queens College since 1950, is retiring from the college faculty. Dr. Pickens, a native of Old Pickensville, South Carolina, received his education at Furman University, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, the University of Virginia, and the University of California.

Dr. Pickens began his teaching at the University of Virginia and was engaged for several years at the University of California. He has been connected with the faculty of Paducah Junior, Furman, Presbyterian, Lander, Brenau, and Limestone Colleges. Dr. Pickens is an associate member of Sigma Xi, and the North Carolina Academy of Science, and is listed in *American Men of Science* and *Who's Who in the South and Southwest.*

In addition to numerous articles published in scientific journals, Dr. Pickens has written the following books: *Out-of-Doors in the Southern Piedmont, Wizard Owl of the Southern Highlands,* and *Skyagunsta.* He was joint author of *Termites and Termite Control.* For the last several summers Dr. Pickens has made professional visits to Latin American countries, and on April 5, 1955, he spoke in Wurzburg, Germany, at a meeting of the International Congress for the Study of Social Insects on the subject "Links and Gaps in the Common Castes of Termites."

—K. R.

Dr. Philip J. Green, who is professo of history here, is also retiring. A nativ of Tennessee, Dr. Green spent his bo hood on a farm in southern Tennesse and in eastern Texas. He graduated fro a private school in Huntsville, Alabam From the University of Alabama he r ceived his B.A. and M.A. degrees, an his Ph.D. from the University of Ch cago.

Dr. Green was instructor of histo and civics in Birmingham High Scho and taught for many years at the Un versity of North Dakota. He was a member of the summ school faculty of the University of Alabama, Colorado Sta Teachers College, the University of Minnesota, and t University of Georgia. Dr. Green is a member of Phi Be Kappa; Kappa Delta Pi, the national honorary educatio fraternity; Pi Alpha Theta; AAUP; Southern Historic Association; and is listed in *Who's Who in American Ed cation* and in the *Directory of American Scholars.*

The March, 1950, issue of the *Association of Americ Colleges Bulletin* published an article by Dr. Green entitl "The New Look: The Classroom Lecturer is Not Obsolet The article was prepared for and delivered at the Quee College 1949 workshop on the techniques of effective teac ing.

—K.

Organ Recitals

The new pipe organ for Belk Chapel will be dedicated this fall in a combined recital and ceremony. The instrument, which is a gift made by the Belk associates in late 1955, is now being built by the M. P. Moller Company. It will have three manuals with five major divisions: choir organ, swell organ, great organ, positiv organ, and pedal organ. The organ will have 2,500 pipes with 47 sets and chimes. These facilities will be a great boon to the many activities of Queens College. Not only will it be noticeably effective in the religious services of the school, but will also add many good convocations and recitals to the list of Queens' cultural program.

First on the list of these is the dedication of the organ. On Friday, October 5, at eight o'clock in the evening, a program of music will be presented on the new organ by Miss Claire Cocci. Miss Cocci is the official organist of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society. In addition to the music, a ceremony of dedication will be given at that time. Further details and information concerning this program will be issued in the fall.

Following this event, a series of organ recitals have been scheduled. The first of these is to be given by John E. Williams on Sunday, October 14, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Williams teaches organ at Flora Macdonald College in Red Springs, N. C.

After Mr. Williams' recital will follow five others. All of these will be given on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. They are as follows:

November 18, 1956	Anna Royer Myers Park Baptist Church
January 20, 1957	Phil Gehring Davidson College
February 17, 1957	Margaret Vardell Salem College
March, 24, 1957	Richard Peek Covenant Presbyterian Chur
April 28, 1957	John Morrison Queens College

—S. C.

Carol Groteness Belk Fund

Since July first Queens has been presented with gi totalling $262,000. This sum includes two previously nounced donations: the Ford Foundation grant of $124,0 and the Belk Association donation of $48,000 for the p chase of an organ for the chapel.

One of the most recent gifts to the college is the $46,7 grant from Mr. Irwin Belk. His donations, totalling o $70,000 in the past three years, will be designated as Carol Groteness Belk Fund in honor of his wife. Mr. Bel purpose is to build this fund to at least $150,000 at wh time it will be designated as an endowment for a chair the faculty of Queens. Mr. Belk, the son of the late W. and Mary Irwin Belk, is the director of Belk Stores Charlotte and president of the Belk Buying Service.

—A.

Art Exhibit

An exhibit of twenty-nine paintings by Philip Moose, a North Carolina artist, is now on display in Burwell Hall. There have been many paintings of excellent quality exhibited in Burwell Hall, but this exhibit by Mr. Philip Moose is one of the finest. Queens College is indeed very fortunate in having the opportunity to view these fine paintings.

Mr. Moose has studied in many well-known art schools and academies in this country, as well as in schools across the sea. In 1948 he received the Pulitzer Award of $1,500. In 1949 he received the Tiffany Award of $500 and in 1953 he was given the Fulbright Award of 2,000. Mr. Moose has had four important one-man exhibitions and a number of exhibitions in North Carolina galleries and colleges. In addition to this, Mr. Moose has won five Purchase Awards, and he has had five group exhibitions at some of the leading galleries in this country. Mr. Moose was an associate professor of Fine Arts at Davidson College for two years, and this summer he will be with the John Bradv School of Art, Blowing Rock, North Carolina.

The paintings of Mr. Moose are a joy to study. They are the type of pictures that may be glanced at or studied carefully for detail. The same enjoyment is received from either type of observation. His exhibit includes everything from the abstract aspect to the realistic portrayal. One striking aspect that is immediately noticed in the paintings is the tremendous influence travel has had upon the artist. Mr. Moose has made his collection simple, every day scenes that portray his travels. For example, here is a typical scene of picking cotton in North Carolina, a scene of three people kneeling quietly at an altar in a church in Mexico, fishing boat scenes from Italy, and a Mardi Gras scene.

On closer observation one sees that there are approximately four definite characteristics that can be attributed to Mr. Moose. He likes to paint scenes that have a definite religious feeling; he enjoys painting pictures of boats; he brings historical reference into his paintings; and he loves color. When his pictures give the viewers a feeling of joy, happiness, and gaiety, then he uses gay, contrasting colors; and when his pictures reflect the moods of calmness, serenity, stillness, and quiet solitude, it is because his colors are chosen with that thought in mind.

The abstract paintings of Mr. Moose are as easily observed as are his realistic paintings. Geometric design and coloring are the main characteristics of this type. An example of one of his abstract paintings is "Taxco Sun." This picture catches the eye because it gives the feeling of mid-noon in that picturesque town in Mexico.

Historical influence, religion, boats, and travel are some of the characteristics that can be found in these paintings. Added to these are color, realism, and abstractness. All of these characteristics combined are found in the most fascinating exhibit of Mr. Philip Moose, one more person who has made North Carolina rightfully proud.

—N. F.

Faculty Questionnaire:

Who Is Your Favorite Poet?

Five members of our faculty have expressed their views in response to the question: Who is your favorite poet? Since it is always interesting and often inspiring to read another's statement of the things that he most enjoys, the *Blue Quill* would like to share these impromptu remarks with its readers.

Mrs. Cumming says, "How can one have a favorite poet, when differing moods and needs are served by different artists? If I must choose, I will say Milton, because, once having known the richness of his feast, I should find poetry sparse and partial fare without him. His sonorous music and his soaring thought blend in my experience to make his works, for me, what he himself called a great book: 'the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.'"

Mr. Norman says, "I suppose I would choose John Milton as my favorite poet. His writings remind me most of grand opera. Just as Verdi had the power to take the same notes that everyone else had been using and arrange them in such a way as to make music really grand, so Milton had the power to take the same words that everyone else had been using and to arrange them in such a way as to make our English language truly magnificent."

Dr. Chewning says, "My favorite poet is William Shakespeare. The variety and complexity of his characters, the insights into the meaning of human experience, the magnificent poetry of many passages —these are some of the reasons why I never tire of rereading Shakespeare's plays and talking about them with students. (Incidentally, if Marlowe wrote Shakespeare's plays, Abraham Lincoln wrote *Tom Sawyer.)*"

Miss Taylor replies, "My favorite poet? What a question! How can I answer when my favorite on one day may be one individual and on another day quite another person, such vaccillation on my part resulting from my mood at the moment or perhaps from my personal need. As I think of poets, I recall with pleasure passages from *Isaiah* and *Jeremiah,* from Shakespeare and Milton, from Wordsworth and Shelley. If, however, I am forced to make a choice, I must say the author of *Job* because of his remarkable treatment of a baffling problem, age-old yet ever new, because of the sheer beauty of his language, especially evident in chapters thirty-eight through forty, and because of his deep insight into the nature and character of God. But may I mention two other favorites? From my first contact with the poetry of Robert Browning until the present moment, I have received much delight and inspiration from the courage, optimism, and theology of this great man. The other favorite is Emily Dickinson, a woman who has compressed profound thought, vivid impressions of the world about her, and her reflections upon them into brief poems of charm and delicacy. Yes, Dickinson, Browning, and the author of *Job* I must name as favorites, remembering all the while many others I could just as honestly name."

When Miss Tillett was questioned, she replied: "Who is my favorite poet? Why, as I approach each one in my teaching, I feel that that one is my favorite! However, I really have two who stand out above the others as my all-time favorites: Milton and Shelley. Milton's broad learning, his sublimity of style, and his deep spirituality inspire me greatly. And Shelley I love for his intense lyricism, delicate imagery, and high idealism. Both I think deserve the epithet applied to Spenser, 'poet's poet.' I like them, and always feel a little better for the day's work when they have spoken to me."

—C. B.

EDITORIALS

A Forward Look

Janus am I; oldest of potentates;
Forward I look, and backward, and below
I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go.
—Longfellow

Janus, a Roman divinity outranked only by Jupiter, was always invoked before the undertaking of any major enterprise. As god of the past, present, and future and the rising and setting sun, he is represented with two faces, one observing the past; the other turned to the future.

Like Janus, the theme of this *Blue Quill* is directed toward a dual view—a summing-up of the past important events of this year and a forward look to the Queens Centennial of next year. Future issues of the *Quill* will also be centered around a Centennial theme and will inclu articles on the part of women in the world today, the pu poses of Queens, the future of women's colleges, and summary of the past one hundred years at Queens. W must not limit our perspective to an evaluation of th present; we must profit by the past and look to the futur The series of publications of next year will be designed give proper attention and respect to the past, to gain stimul tion and impetus from the present, and to promote hop and inspiration for the future.

Appreciation must be given to the retiring staff for i valuable aid and a solicitation made to the student boc for contributions and suggestions.

—S.

The Retiring Faculty

It has been said that familiarity breeds contempt, but this is certainly not always true. In the Queens family it is far from true!

This year the Queens family loses three of her most capable and cherished members—Miss Harrell, Dr. Pickens, and Dr. Green. They have been faithful advisors, loyal friends, and conscientious professors.

I am sure that not one Queens girl will ever forget Mi Harrell's English accent, Dr. Pickens' jokes, and Dr. Green pipe. They have been placed among the traditions of Queen

These retiring members will be greatly missed, and will be some time before others can win our hearts an take their place. They were a part of Queens and ther fore a part of all of us.

—P.

We Need Your Help

The Blue Quill needs new ideas and new contributions. Surely there are many people on campus who enjoy writing and who would like to see their work published. Ultimately that is the purpose of *The Blue Quill*—to give to aspiring young writers on Queens campus the opportunity to have others read their short stories, poems, or sketches. Students, *The Blue Quill* is *your* magazine. Many times the staff members do not know about all the people who enjoy writing. If you have something which you think is good, don't hesitate to tell one of the editors about it. We shall be happy for you to submit these things to us; and, if they are good, we promise you that we shall publish them.

The Blue Quill also needs support from the student boc as a whole. There are really some good, interesting articl in it which deserve to be read. If the literary minded mer bers of our student body are willing to work for a magazin the rest of the students should at least reward their effor by being interested enough to read the material.

It seems, then, that *The Blue Quill* needs the suppo of the student body in two ways—we need your contrib tions and we need your interest. In the coming year, o Centennial, help us to make the magazine worthwhile granting us this support.

—S. A.

Arguments Against Academic Freedom For Students

(Inspired by a study of Swift)

SHARLENE MORRIS

Complaints against the lack of academic freedom have been brought to the attention of the writer through a series of anonymous letters. It is a subject of great interest even though it is quickly becoming as obsolete as the freedoms of speech and of the press. It has previously been thought that academic freedom is of great value in teaching a person to think for himself, but the advantages of having another person to think for one and of avoiding the danger of having someone disagree with one's *own* ideas are too valuable to be eliminated for the mere vanity of respecting and exercising one's own intellect. Osmosing the views which were formulated by the sages of the past certainly saves physical energy which can be directed toward improving industry, encouraging athletic endeavors, and keeping our cities clean. If a pure form is developed, it will also save time and money, for the scholar will be able to memorize the contents of books written in previous centuries by the infallible and wondrously wise and thereby dispense with professors who read the material no better than they. By this action the general standard of living will rise, for the lowest income bracket will be eliminated.

In several of the more progressive schools this method has been adopted in a modified form, but one school has been particularly successful in maintaining an educational program which is consistent with its attitude toward the question. In order to protect it from the influence of any enthusiastic, radical professors who might chance to read this, the name of the institution shall be withheld. Students choosing their own professors, the presence of outside speakers, and all criticism of curriculum causes of strife between faculty and students—have been eliminated with no severe consequences.

The first problem peculiar to schools having academic freedom, that of the students' choosing their own faculty members, has been solved completely and with enviable results. Not only are the students relieved of the staggering responsibility of making the choice, but professors who would surely lose their positions if such an absurdity were allowed to continue unchecked are assured of employment until theiy reach an advanced age. By the assurance of a position the professors are able to lead a more sedentary life and avoid the taxing occupation of trying to please or interest their students. An excellent example of the advantages of such a program is seen in Professor Z of the ——— department. Before the new policy he had to amuse the students by preparing interesting lectures, telling jokes, looking pleasant, and upon occasions even answering questions. Now it is only necessary for him to attend class meetings where he expresses his own opinions which are accepted without questioning. His only concession to the student is his reciting daily a single bit of humor from the *Reader's Digest*. He justifies this action upon the theory that jokes, like wine, improve with age.

By ruling against the presence of outside speakers, the embarrassment of having authorities disagree with opinions expressed in class has been annihilated as has the introduction of new ideas, a thing to be avoided at all costs. The effects of this are best seen in the attitudes of students who are well drilled in quoting their professors and assigning to them the respect that was once reserved for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and *Webster's Dictionary*. This has had the enthusiastic support of the faculty which believes that the students show maturity and good taste.

A third problem which is effectively handled under the new policy of the institution is that of criticizing the curriculum. It is quite superfluous to state that this cannot be permitted, for it only serves to create unrest and changes, and change is fought in every way. The professors use the same notes year after year, assign the same textbooks, and recite the examples that they used when they first began teaching. This has its obvious advantages. Students may use the same notes that their elder siblings took when they had the course and buy several-time-used books which are quite inexpensive. Teachers only have to work during the first year of their employment in which they prepare their lectures for the rest of their career. Society will benefit because individuals will all fall into a certain pattern of mental functions. This will be of value to statisticians, politicians, and certain greeting-card companies; to please the individual will be to please humanity as a whole. All disunion will necessarily cease. It might be argued that a certain government has been endeavoring to do the same thing but without success. This should not be mistaken as a sign that education will fail, for one can see that their methods are strikingly different.

This picture of the ideal school has shown that this institution has been successful in molding the minds of its students, in teaching them to recognize the truth, and in preparing them for the demands of modern society.

The threat from the advocates of academic freedom is still pressed, but the fear which compels them to hide behind anonymity in defending it is so great that it has nearly succeeded in making them the prisoners of what they are fighting against. If they continue in the present vein, victory is ours!

DUO DANCE CONVOCATION

(Continued from page 3)

Emily Frankel's solo was of a woman who thinks she hears a bird reminding her of her lover whom she killed because he would not stay with her.

The next dance progressed to a more serious subject, that of Jacob's life. Mark Ryder danced with perfection as he re-enacted Jacob's emotions after he finds he has married the wrong woman, Leah instead of Rachel. Here the dance took on a new interest. It was a combination of Egyptian, Persian, and Assyrian.

The finale was of a more personal nature and a more modern story. It was a "biography of Fear" choreographed in 1950 by the couple when Mark was waiting to be drafted for the Korean War. The music was a jazz and siren combination which was most effective.

The performance was well received by the Queens audience. Mr. Ryder explained that modern dance was easy to understand if a person has any feeling whatsoever. "Dancing," he added, "is the least abstract of all the arts."

—P. W.

Browsing . . . . . Worth Your While

GOOD-BYE MY LADY

Street, James; *Good-bye My Lady*, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia: 1954. $3.00.

The simple pathos of a little boy who must make a decision of whether to do the right thing and give up the dog he loves is told in an understanding and gentle way by James Street in *Good-bye My Lady*. This book presents its story against the background of Mississippi swamp country and the simple folk who live there. Skeeter, the lonely orphan boy who lives with his uncle on a little farm near the river; Cash, the owner of several fine dogs; and "Uncle" Ed Watson, Skeeter's Negro friend who lives up the river from him—all these are brought to life by the sympathetic pen of the author.

Skeeter sees a little dog by the river one day; and, after weeks of coaxing and feeding, he wins her confidence and takes her home with him. He calls her Lady. She is indeed a strange dog, for she never barks. Instead, her eyes fill with tears to show her unhappiness, and she often laughs to express delight. Skeeter loves the little dog dearly and succeeds in persuading his Uncle Jesse to give him permission to train her as a hunting dog. It is a long struggle, but at last Lady learns the essentials of good hunting. Then one day Skeeter learns that Lady is really a rare African dog known as a Basengi, and that her owner is offering a reward for her. Skeeter thinks for days about his predicament before he finally makes up his mind; but, when he reaches a decision, he gives all who know him cause to be proud of him.

In *Good-bye My Lady* James Street shows remarkable insight into the feelings and thoughts of a young boy. With sensitive understanding he depicts the conflict in Skeeter's heart between his sense of right and his love of Lady. The author reveals some of the small decisions to which other children and adolescents attach such importance. Perhaps to an adult the situation would have presented no problem, but it presented a real one to Skeeter, and the author seems to understand this. The story is told in such a way that we feel the ache in Skeeter's heart and we know the love that he has for Lady.

(Continued on page 12)

Summer will soon be here, and I hope that everyone will have a chance to catch up on his reading. During school we are obligated to give textbooks our first attention, but summer gives us the opportunity to relax with a good book. The air-conditioned movie theater is a place where we can also spend time relaxing in the summer. This summer and next fall there are to be released a number of excellent movies based on great books and plays. Let me mention some of these so that you can be set for reading before the movie comes to town this summer.

Those of us who have at one time or another been forced to read Melville's *Moby Dick* will certainly be rewarded for our having done so. The movie version of this story has been over three years in the making and promises to be an outstanding film. The cast is admirable, and the filming has been very artistically done. This old classic well deserves the new interest that is being stirred by the forthcoming movie.

Edna Ferber's *Giant* has been made into a movie by Warner Brothers and will star Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. This dramatic story of the land and oil-rich Texans during the present day is by far Edna Ferber's greatest book. It tells of an aristocratic Virginia girl who marries a wealthy Texan and her search for happiness among a people completely alien to her. The movie version will be doubly poignant in that it is the last movie of the late James Dean.

The forthcoming movie version of Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace* will be three hours and thirty minutes long, only fifteen minutes shorter than the record *Gone With The Wind*. *War and Peace* is the lengthy story of Russia during the Napoleonic Wars. Though the first part moves slowly, the remainder of the work is gripping and highly exciting. This great masterpiece is well worth the time required to read it, and every college student should be acquainted with it.

Work has begun on the film version of the late Ross Lockridge's *Raintree County*. It is the story of a midwestern community during the last century and more particularly the life story of one young man. The writer uses several features unique to his book which at first

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AMERICAN HERITAGE

American Heritage. Publisher: Jam Parton, Editor: Bruce Catton, Apr 1956.

The April issue of *American Herita* magazine contains the usual wide v riety of articles on America's past, th month ranging from the first aviatio meet in the United States to Edg Allan Poe's last days in Richmond, fro New England's great sea serpent to a account of many aspects of the W of 1812.

How many realized that Preside Madison could have kept the Unit States out of the War of 1812 and ho he could have done it; how many kne who Poe's "lost Lenore" was and th he actually spent some of his last da with her; how many know where Am ica's most imitated battle was fough All these subjects and many others, ju as interesting, are in this issue of *Am ican Heritage*.

Through this issue we turn back the days of the American frontier. W see the old-time peddler and the part played in the development of the fro tier. We read an unusual story of t bravery of our frontier fathers agai the Indians and how a little white g became an important member of a C manche tribe. We see a picture of o rural life in early America and lea about one agrarian myth. And wh the frontier was being pushed farth West, we see the struggle of the ph sicians against the horrible days of t yellow fever epidemics and their desp ate search for the cause of the dre disease and a means of curing it.

The editors of *American Herita* have an eye on the present along wi the past. In this election year it is fitti that they should include a study America's Presidents and the Presiden In this article the many different ro the President plays and the contributio each of the most important Preside has made to the office of President are viewed.

The book selection is an adaptati of a new book by Helen Augur, *T Secret War of Independence*. In b book Miss Augur relates Benjam Franklin's tactics when he set out France to secure an ally for the Unit States in the bitter early days of t Revolution.

As usual the magazine is beautifully lustrated, containing a most interesting ection of paintings of the famous ships, dmirals, and sea battles of the War of 812. The article on old rural life in merica is also fully illustrated with teresting lithographs, copies of paintgs, and Currier and Ives prints.

With the wide variety of topics prented, this issue of *American Heritage* nnot but contain some subject of inrest to every reader and a wealth of formation and pleasant reading to ose particularly interested in their untry's past. Here is our opportunity learn more about America's early ays, both its influential events and its teresting sidelights, and to gain a more orough knowledge of our true Amerin heritage.

—Caroline McIlwaine

Macbeth Is Shown

On April 9, 10, 11 the movie *Macbeth* as shown on Queens campus. The film as made from a television production nd was lent to Queens through the urtesy of the National Broadcasting ompany and of Hallmark cards.

The film starred Maurice Evans as lacbeth and Judith Anderson as Lady lacbeth, with less known actors in the inor roles.

—C. H.

WORTH YOUR WHILE

(Continued from page 10)

nfuse the reader, but once he is failiar with them they help unify the ok and make it a delightful reading perience. Montgomery Clift and Elizeth Taylor will play the lead in a ovie that should be eagerly awaited.

Three outstanding plays will soon be ming to neighborhood theaters. akespeare's *Richard III* with the diolic Richard played by Maurice Evans s been hailed as an outstanding proiction of the Shakespearean play. It filmed in technicolor. Robert Ander-n's sensitive *Tea and Sympathy* will ar Deborah Kerr and John Kerr, the ars who created the roles on Broadway. his movie will be Academy Award maial. The hilariously funny *Solid Gold adillac* which pokes fun at the modern-y world of big business will star Judy olliday and promises to be even funer than the stage version.

—Gary Brady

A Study of James A. Michener

Martha Whittier

James A. Michener, who has in a relatively few years achieved the acclaim afforded few authors in a lifetime, is one of the most intelligent and vivid contemporary writers. He does not create bombastic tales of unbelievable characters who live in unpronouncable counties. Nor does he lose himself in the overdramatized idea of lost generations. His are characters who, though often fantastic, seem as real as the reader who temporarily lives their experiences; and, though he deals with the psychological and with the search for self, he does not label man hopeless. From the first paragraph to the last, his writings are spellbinding and alive.

Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of Michener's writing is his unique descriptive ability. We read but a few sentences of *Tales of the South Pacific* and are transported to a coral island, see graceful coconut palms and lovely lagoons, and feel surrounded by endless ocean. Above all, we are oppressed by the waiting—the endless waiting which characterized the war in the South Pacific. Or we can open *The Fires of Spring* and instantly be carried to the Doylestown poorhouse. The bleak stone buildings, the long dark hall in the men's building, the depression of the world's defeated—all of these become vivid and real. Later *The Fires of Spring* shows us all of the cheap, gaudy deceptiveness of a large amusement park. Finally we travel with the Chautauqua, experience the holiday atmosphere of each town in our circuit, and share the grueling exhaustion of packing after a show, traveling through the night to another town, and pitching tents once again.

Just as effective as his descriptions of places and of moods is Michener's presentation of character. Few of us have known as bizarre a person as Bloody Mary of *Tales of the South Pacific*. And yet as we read of her vulgarity, her savageness, and her cannibal habit of selling shrunken heads, we cannot doubt her existence. We find Nurse Nellie Forbush, who could be a queen in a place of no social distinction; Bill Harbison, the charming and handsome man who yearned to employ his abilities; and Emile De Becque, the French plantation owner who had Javanese, Tonkiness, and Polynesian children wistfully appealing and basically universal in their shortcomings and in their aspirations.

Perhaps Michener's characters become convincing through his subtle revelation of their character traits. The first paragraph of *The Fires of Spring* tells us that:

> David Harper could scarcely sit still. It was Friday afternoon, and Miss Clapp was reading from the blue book. For three weeks now she had been reading about Hector and Achilles. This afternoon Hector would go forth to battle. David, who had been a Trojan for almost a month, shivered with excitement. He knew that when Achilles met a real fighter things would be different.

Here we find six very short sentences. They include two adjectives. And yet we are given a picture of a young, sensitive boy, who thrilled to literature and to the story of a great hero. This paragraph shows much of Michener's literary worth.

In *Tales of the South Pacific* Michener presents a series of short stories which are unified by time and setting. Most of the characters are placed in the vicinity of Konora because of war. This war, in its nature and in its being, affected each life with which it came into contact. For some it meant tragedy and death. For others it was a personality—changing interlude. For a few it meant self-discovery and heightened understanding.

The importance of self-discovery is also found as the basic theme of *The Fires of Spring*. This vast novel tells of the story of David Harper, from his childhood in a poorhouse—where old men gave their hoarded pennies to buy his first suit—to his final emergence as a novelist who could write because he had come to understand himself, and thus all men.

Although Michener deals with tragedy, with amorality, and with every known ugliness, he does not label life worthless. Ugliness is just a part of the journey which men make—the journey to find themselves.

> If they fail in this, it doesn't matter much what else they find. Money, position, fame, many loves, revenge are all of little consequence, and when the tickets are counted at the end of the ride they are tossed into the bin marked FAILURE.
>
> "But if a man happens to find himself—if he knows what he can

(Continued on page 12)

JAMES A. MICHENER

(Continued from page 11)

be depended upon to do, the limits of his courage, the postions from which he will no longer retreat . . . his honest and unpostured goals —then he has found a mansion which he can inhabit with dignity all the days of his life."

Even if Michener's works had little plot and unconvincing characters, they would be worth reading. For here and there throughout his writings we find a group of sentences which ably express the persistent, yet often vague and unexpressed feelings of all thinking beings. An example is his distinction between sin and evil:

"He concluded that sin was any folly which hurt or even ruined the man who persisted in it. Sin was the erosion of spirit that finally left the fields of the soul gullied, their substance washed away, their stalks of grain bent and fruitless. Each human being was subjected to sin and each bore his penalties in peculiar and often terrible ways.

"But sin was not evil. No, evil must be in a lower category. Evil was wrong-doing directed not at one's self but at another. Evil was sin persisted in, arrogantly and to no known purpose. And it was the confusion between sin and evil that so blinded the world."

Michener does not weave a story which leaves us with only a hazy picture of neurosis and of decadence and with a disgust due to time wasted. He is an expert craftsman; but, more important, he is a thinker. And he shares his thoughts. Only such a writer can truly be termed creative.

GOOD-BYE MY LADY

(Continued from page 10)

James Street also shows great understanding of the life in the Mississippi swamplands. His characters are convincing as simple country folk. The reader grows to love them all, even Uncle Jesse, whose ways and habits often seem queer. These people are not presented through the eyes of a remote onlooker, but in a straightforward manner that makes the reader feel as if he knows them quite well.

Some of Mr. Street's descriptions are excellent. A Mississippi swamp at night, for example, is vividly brought to life. He chooses exactly the right details to give a clear picture of both Skeeter and Uncle Jesse. His language is eloquent in many places, and his use of dialect is handled with ease.

Although *Good-bye My Lady* is not on the literary level of other great novels, I believe that it will become an American classic. Its simplicity of style and understanding of the characters make it an interesting book. The story of Skeeter is one that would charm the hardest heart into sympathetic understanding.

—Sarah Ann Smith

fashions to
a "Queens taste"
will be found
in our third
floor shops

MONTALDO'S

220 N. Tryon St.

Just Seven

Shirley Crosland

The sun beat down on the narrow strip of beach and bounced back up again in spurts from the tiny shells scattered over it. A dilapidated little pier stood among the gentle breakers and rocked ever so slightly in the sea wind. On the very end sat a young boy about fifteen; his tan stood out against a pair of yellow swim trunks, and a head of curly black hair bent intently over a tangled fishing line. His equipment was spread out around him—three rods, a skein of line and some sinkers, a pile of hooks and leaders, a can of live minnows, a paper plate full of shrimp, and a pair of goggles and green swim fins.

He worked swiftly, unconscious of the motionless figure which watched him from the beach. The little girl stood still for a moment or two and then headed for the pier. Her two brown braids just reached her shoulders, and the green bows on the ends matched the green bathing suit spangled with white daisies. As she reached the foot of the pier, she stopped and studied the boy again. He'd fixed all his lines and now scooped minnows expertly to finish baiting the hooks. The child started on again and reached the pier just as the last line went over. She squatted down near the boy and peered down into the water.

"Is it a long way to the bottom?" she murmured.

"Hi, Ginny. Yeah, it's deep down there."

"Is it over YOUR head?"

"Way over; five feet over at least."

"Oh."

Paul juggled a pole in each hand. "How come your mother let you come down here by yourself?"

"She doesn't know; she's taking a nap. Besides, I'm old enough to come here if I want to . . . Did YOU ask your mama?"

"No, but—"

"Well, I didn't either. After all, I'm almost eight years old."

"Aw, you're just seven, and that's not so old." Paul ignored the little girl and turned again to his fishing. He tugged gingerly at his lines.

Ginny watched the minnows swimming in their can. Sometimes they bumped into each other, but not very often. She put a hand down in the pail, but when a minnow flitted against her fingers, she jerked it out again, almost upsetting the can.

"Hey, what're you doing in there? You want me to lose my bait? Kids!" Paul muttered disgustedly and turned his back on her.

There followed a long silence in which the boy studied his lines while Ginny carefully watched him. Then—:

"Paul; oh, Paul? Can I hold a rod and see if I can catch a fish?"

"What! Hold the rod? Heck, no. You're just seven years old an' 'spose you dropped it in the water? What would you do about that, huh?"

"Please, Paul."

"Huh-unh; nothing doing."

He shifted his pole again and grumbled, "Kids!"

Ginny's face crinkled up and she sat very still for a minute. Then, getting up, she trudged back to the end of the pier. Somebody had left a bucket, rusted and perforated with holes; Ginny turned it over and sat on it. The boards were hot under her feet as she scraped them on the rough wood. Scattered around were dried up shrimp tails, remains of earlier fishing expeditions. Ginny picked up one in her toes. It had crackly brownish purple scales that smelled funny after being baked by the sun. Slowly Ginny cleared a space about her, collecting the tails in neat little piles. Every once in a while she'd pause to stare up at Paul's tan back.

The glare began to hurt her eyes; so she kept her head down and counted the scaly heads piled in her shadow.

After a time the boy swiveled around to see what she was doing. Her head drooped over her knees, while one of the green bows which had come untied limply brushed her wrist. Slowly and deliberately the child shoved the shrimp tails down through a wide space between two boards. They floated airily down to the water below, while Ginny peered through the chinks to see.

Paul shifted around noisily, moving his bait can and bumping his poles on the dock. He glanced over at the little girl again.

"Hey! What're you sitting way down there for? You gotta fish off the end of the pier. Didn't you say you wanted to use a rod? Well, come on then!"

The old rusty bucket clattered and rolled off the pier.

"Oh, Paul, Paul; I'm coming!"

She didn't hear the splash.

Poetry . . .

SEAS

Barbara Kelca

Arranged around this realm of earth
The seas all lie in varied mood
Of flowing faces filled with mirth
Of black and heavy brows that brood.
With chill is seen the seas that sigh
And shiver silently then die.

The seas of mirth unbounded roll
And leap in ecstasy of youth.
Unbared is thrown the surging soul
Against the sky's celestial truth,
Then nestles back once more at home
To watch content the far-flung dome.

The lashing winds that beat then blow
And churn the angry, brooding sea
Are wet with rains that falling flow
To join with heaving bellows free.
A growling giant spitting hate
It reeks with fury, lust innate.

The chaste and silent sea of grey
In splendor bares her shoulders white
To taunt the mid-night moon of day
And lure the weary Arctic night.
She, sighing soft with knowing breath,
Perceives the creeping, chilling death.

MY PRAYER

Carolyn Heffner

God, grant me courage strong to live this day:
I hear the cry of want;
I know the pain of death;
I feel the ache of anguish.
God, I tremble. Help me bear these things.

God, give me care that reaches forth to all.
I see man turn away
When just one word might ease
The sorrow of another.
God, I'm guilty. Help my care to grow.

God, grant me love that knows no racial bounds.
I see a different color
And I shun that man—
I do not look within.
God, I know. I lack an infinite love.

God, there is much more that I should ask.
These three I long for now.
Grant them, Lord, I pray
And then henceforth I'll say,
God, I'll try. I know you'll be my guide.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Buck Spearman

The cracking loss of lost first love—the tears
Those years, between parental love and you—
The joys, the empathy those years embue—
Ah, gone those cruel loves, those cruel years!
The nervous laughter of the locker room
Is gone, the iron and putty will, the shame
Where growing up is ended like a game;
Responses, cloistered doubts released too soon.

Upon the heel of those loves comes, untried,
A tempting strangeness, bound, but somehow free!
A different wholesomeness; a clean, sweet kiss
Of surer love—some sharing, satisfied.
My surer love, my love, you wake in me
This growing, glowing, gentle tenderness.

ON THE NIGHT OF HER GOING AWAY

Buck Spearman

On tired, uncertain wings, the bird of night
Slides down the slowly dying, sighing air.
The sparrow chirps, is silent, sleeps. The care—
Worn raven folds her feathers, comes to light.

Enfolding darkness sinks to claim the earth,
And all earth's children as a brooding bird
Would gather to her breast her young. Disturb
Her not. Her toils allow her rest its worth.

And you, flown love, in some secluded bow'r
Must lay your head to rest when night comes nigh—
May angels charm your slumber hour by hour
With beauty's kiss and hovering, watchful eye—
May pleasant dreams forever be your dower
And rest you well—until the sun is high.

2:45 A.M.

Buck Spearman

I'm sure that if I weren't so tired,
I'd be a better man. I'd sing
Some songs that I'd composed myself
And read that stack of molding books
I've laid aside to read. And then
Perhaps I'd think a while and dream.
But not just now. I'm much too tired.

I'm sure that if I weren't so tired
I'd likely write a book . . . distill
The liquid thoughts that come to me.
I'd be a fiery orator
And agitate the mob. Because,
As Cowper said, "A fool must now
And then be right, by chance." And so
I would. Right now I'm just too tired.

THE CHARGE OF THE HUNGRY ONES:—

A Parody on Tennyson's "The Charge of The Light Brigade"

Sarah Ann Smith

I.

Down the steps, down the steps
    Down the steps, onward:
All in Diana's Court
Dashed the starved students.
"Forward the hungry ones!
Charge for the food!" They run.
Into Diana's Court
    Dashed the starved students.

II.

"Forward, the hungry ones!"
Did any pity feel?
Not since the student knew
    Someone miscounted:
Theirs not to fix the veal,
Theirs not to lose their meal,
Theirs but to eat with zeal:
Into Diana's Court
    Dashed the starved students.

III.

Patrons to right of them,
Patrons to left of them,
Patrons in front of them
    Frowned and looked prudent;
Stared at with eyes that bore,
Boldly they ran and more,
Into Diana's Court,
Into the old Y-store,
    Dashed the starved students.

IV.

Waved all their chicken bones,
Waved they their ice cream cones;
Pushing aside slow ones,
Charging straight onward while
    Patrons all wondered:
Plunged o'er the wet cement;
Right through the court they went;
Patron and hostess
Gaped at the message sent:
    No food for students.
Then they stormed through, on down,
    Down, the starved students.

V.

Patrons to right of them,
Patrons to left of them,
Patrons behind them
    Frowned and looked prudent;
Stared at with eyes that bore,
Soon they beset the store;
The last now came to the fore,
Came and demanded food.
    Pushing on through the door,
All that was left of them,
    Left of the students.

VI.

When is their hunger gone?
O the wild charge they won!
    Patrons all wondered.
Honor the charge they won!
Honor the hungry ones,
    Noble starved students.

GOD'S CANVAS

Dorothy Baker

Words failed me when I stepped out on the great rocks to secure a better view. Truly the picture seemed like a look into heaven, for it was one of beauty unsurpassed.

All around me—wherever I looked—there were mountains. On one side of me there were smaller mountains forming a ridge leading into the distant ones. On the other side there were green valleys with quaint houses, neat barns, and well-kept fields. On all sides, however, there were mountains in the distance. I was completely encircled by magnificent ranges with towering peaks pointing into heaven. Thoughts of the majesty of the Lord of Creation filled my soul as I gazed around me, for this was not a work of men, but of God.

Looking far into the distance, I found it hard to tell where the clouds and peaks were separate, for they seemed to blend into one. The more distinguishable, nearer peaks were outlined against the background of the fading, distant mountains. The high, jagged peaks, the gaps, and the low, rolling crests made billows in a sea of green and blue that surrounded me as I looked from side to side. The peaks and gaps of the unending rows of mountains made an intricate pattern against the snowy clouds, bright blue sky, and brilliant sun that was slowly sinking. The deep green of the wooded areas on the nearer mountains changing to the pale blue of the more distant peaks and the foaming white waterfalls on the background of shining grey roc cliffs presented a color pattern that was possible only fro the hand of the Master Artist.

I looked again only to discover that I had not seen a his colors at the first glance, for scattered like confetti i the wooded mountainsides were trees bearing colorful tag of spring. The brilliant, yellow green of budding foliag in various stages, the pastel dots of blossoming fruit tree and the bolder, vivid colors of other flowering perennial served as accent marks on the green, blue, and grey back ground. It looked as though the Artist had splattered hi most brilliant colors on the masterpiece of rich, deep shade

On every side of me the same breath-taking, awe-inspirin scene was present. That was not all of the view, howeve for there was much to behold between those far distan mountains and the place where I stood.

On my left and in front of me, I looked down on a vas expanse of rolling hills and miniature mountains covere with majestic trees of all species and sizes. They too wer sprinkled with colors most brilliant. The hilltops and valley formed ridges and pockets like a wrinkled counterpane Tucked in these pockets were small groups of house Here and there, winding through the trees and over an around the hills, I saw the white ribbon of the main high

(Continued on page 20)

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The Sacrifice

Barbara Kelca

For some unknown reason I still remember the first time I saw Stefan. I say for some unknown reason because he ranked as just another Pole among the millions of displaced persons I met after the war. But Stefan was a strong man, strong in his love, pride, and desire for a new life. It was this strength that made him different.

Meeting as many of the war-weary people as I did, it seemed peculiar that I should remember the first time I saw this old man. Now he stands out white against a black wall, a black wall comprised of countless tired, despairing people who were thrown out of their homes and caught up in the chaos of war. Wrecked lives were being slowly pieced together, and for some dreams were becoming a reality. The one dream, the one hope of a vast majority of displaced persons was to come to the United States to fit their broken lives into the pattern of our country and to become a breathing part of it. And in Stuttgart, Germany, I sat behind a cheap, veneered desk giving the care-lined faces their lives or taking away their dreams and hopes. The State Department had given me the job of being a selector of the DP's. I checked their moral qualifications and political background. I questioned their ability to maintain themselves financially and looked into other small details. If all qualifications were in order, I could tell them, "Take your dreams and go to the States." But should there be something lacking, I had the unpleasant job of telling them to turn their hopes once more to some place new.

The day I met Stefan the chilled air outside fought to keep spring away, but it was coming in spite of the efforts of winter. With spring people would become impatient and restless; then our big rush would begin. The look of expectancy would haunt each face. The line outside my office would increase from three hundred to four or five hundred persons all waiting to see me and all speaking the same phrase, "I want to go to the United States."

When Stefan entered, he stood quietly in front of the door with his hat in his hands. He wasn't nervously twisting it as most of the DP's did, and his hands, even his nails, were immaculately clean though chapped by the weather. Maybe it was his calmness or his self-assurance and dignity that made me remember him. Whatever it was, this first picture has always remained with me just as the last one has lingered.

At a glance I knew he was a Pole, although he was shorter and not quite so stocky as the average one. His face was deeply lined, pale, and clean shaven. His hands also were lined and aged beyond his years. Worry, trouble, and hard work had etched themselves into his face and hands, but still they remained calm and determined.

It was in his eyes that I first saw the indomitable strength that so impressed me. It was not until later weeks that I knew exactly what it was, but even at that first interview I recognized it as something indefinably powerful. It was a quality superhuman in its depth and its fierceness. As long as he had this strength of pride, love, and desire, he was a living man; but strip him of it, and he was dead.

But strength must stem from some source, and this tired, determined Pole's source was his family. By some miracle he had managed to keep his wife and seven children together through war, persecution, hunger, cold, and sickness. His pride had kept their heads up and hearts strong through Nazi persecution. It had taught them they were humans endowed with equal rights and innate freedoms and to bow to no one but their God.

His love had shown them that in a fear-crazed world peace and kindness could be found. He taught them gentleness and consideration instead of savageness and selfishness. And it was his giant love that bound them and kept them together as bombs whistled and planes rumbled, as soldiers marched and people died and fires burned. Through all, his strength stood and held.

To Stuttgart the last of his three strengths had led him. In this last strength was combined the power of the first two—his pride and love. It was his desire to take his family to the United States that consumed his soul. He wanted a new world, a new life where they could forget the years of black sorrow and build together what their hearts cried for. All his thoughts, his love and pride, every inch of this man cried out for the fulfillment of this desire.

At our meeting I had only a hint of what lay behind the calm eyes and pale face. With the aid of my interpreter I asked him to be seated, and then I proceeded with some questioning.

"Your full name?"

"Stefan Anton Zakowski."

"Nationality?"

"Polish—born near Krakow."

"And how old are you, Mr. Zakowski?"

"I am fifty-five and was born January 12, 1893."

"You are married, aren't you? And how many children?"

"Yes, I am married, and have seven children. I want us all to go together to the United States. I do not want several to go now and some later. We must all go together."

I watched him closely as he finished this speech. The pupils of his eyes dilated, and his chin was set firmly in tense determination. I knew then that I would do everything humanly possible—even break a few rules—to keep this man and his family together and get them to the United States.

I finished my questioning, having told him of a few preliminaries he must attend to, and having briefly outlined the process by which we hoped to bring about their embarkation for the United States. When Stefan reached the door, he turned and for the first time smiled; then he made the sign of the cross upon his breast and slipped quietly from the room. I turned to my secretary, "Miss Henz, please check as closely as you can on the Zakowski family and get me the best reports you can. We're going to get them to the United States all together."

The next week I spent as much time as possible on the Zakowski case, going over many major details and checking their former political affiliations. As everything appeared in order, I called in Stefan to question him about his ability to maintain his family financially.

He appeared precisely as he had before with nothing changed. He wore the same clean, neat clothes, carried the same hat, and wore the same expression.

"Of course, Mr. Zakowski, we will establish you after you reach America in the type of work you are best suited for. Have you any preference as to the type of work you'd like to do, or have you had special training in some field of work?"

He lowered his eyes as a shadow passed over his features. "Excuse me, but you have awakened some painful memories. For generations my family tilled the soil and lived by it. I did the same, and we all lived together in the large house on the farm. When the Nazis came, they killed my aged father and older brother. For a year several officers lived in the house with us, eating our food, drinking our wine, and making slaves of my family. During that year I came to hate the land, for it was because of our big farm that they stayed. But it is not manly to hate land; therefore, I would like to go back to it once more. I hope America has a small bit of land I can farm and later leave to my eldest son, Romek, who in turn will pass it on to his son. You are thinking 'What will happen to the rest of the family?' Romek is a good boy. He will take care of them. You forget we are one. Yes, I think I would like to farm again."

"America's a large country, Mr. Zakowski, and there are many small bits of land just waiting to be farmed. I'm sure everything can be arranged."

After Stefan had left, I couldn't help wondering if a family could stay as close in our feverish land as this one had in Poland. Something about this man made me feel that here was a family that could stand the test of time and progress by staying united.

During the next week I saw the Zakowski family upon several occasions, and at each meeting my feelings for them deepened. I was impressed by the thoughtfulness and courtesy of the brown-eyed, husky boys and by the shy gentleness of the young girls. Romek, the eldest boy, shared the responsibility of the family with his father. In eighteen years he had acquired more mature intelligence and understanding than most people do in a lifetime. Like his father, Romek's greatest concern was the welfare of the family.

It was at the beginning of the third week that I had known Stefan when the family went to the medical center to get final X-rays and inoculation shots. It was necessary for everyone to be checked for communicable diseases before he was allowed to leave Germany and enter another country. The family's visas were prepared and waiting for the final affirmation from the health officials. After this they would go to the seaport of Bremanhafen and from there to America.

The morning after the final examination, I went to my office early to check their medical statements and put the final stamp on their visas. But as early as I was, Miss Henry had arrived before me. She opened the door and held the statements out to me. Her face was a study in anguish—distorted and tortured. I quickly looked at the top sheet. It was Romek's. The words "spot on the left lung" and "TB" stung my brain and left me numb.

Stefan stood before me very straight and very silent. The familiar hat was held in his quiet hands, but the whiteness of his knuckles betrayed his tenseness.

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"The Lutheran church group will make all necessary arrangements, Mr. Zakowski, for sending Romek to one of the best sanitoriums for treatment. I'm sure it won't be long before he'll be in America with you. Mr. Zakowski, I handle thousands of cases of DP's, and I have tried to remain impersonal, but I no longer can. I promise you I'll visit Romek and write to him as faithfully as if he were my son. The time will pass, my friend. You will see."

As I looked into his eyes, I saw the strength ebb slightly . . . but only slightly. Then it came back strong and determined.

"Yes, the time will pass, but it will pass with us together. We will all stay in Europe until he is well. Then we will try again, and if it is God's will, we will go together. You have been most kind. My family will never forget what you have done for us."

All during the day and night I thought about the sacrifice this family was making. Going to the United States was the most important thing in their lives, but not so important that they could leave behind a member of the family. They would take their chances on going in a year or two when Romek was well, but now they would stay with him.

I was quite surprised the next morning when Miss Henz opened my office door and said that Stefan was outside. I could see pain in her face; then I saw Stefan. His face was paler than it had been, but it was his eyes that made me wince. They were the eyes of a defeated man—dull, listless, and staring. He appeared exhausted and dazed. I stepped around my desk to help him to a chair; but, when I touched him, it brought him from his trance to reality again. He turned to me and spoke in a hollow voice.

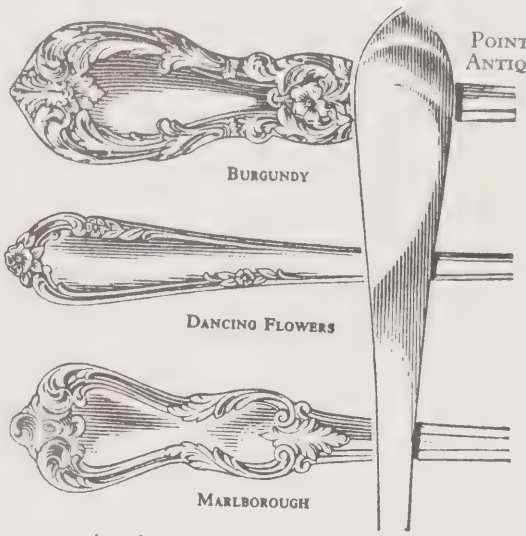
"Yesterday after your news about Romek's illness my son and I walked along the river and talked. He was very depressed and sorrowful. Over and over he kept saying, 'What a disappointment for everyone. What a shame! And I have done this to you.' He begged me to let him stay alone, but I told him we could not do that, and it was right that we shouldn't. We stopped at a small inlet where all lay quietly and I heard him sigh, 'How bright the waters are!'"

Stefan lowered his head slightly, then continued wearily, "It was there they found my son this morning. The waters were still bright—even over his still face." He paused, fighting for control of his emotions.

"We will go to America now as Romek wanted us to."

Stefan was passing through the door when he turned again to me. His whole appearance changed suddenly. He straightened his shoulders and set his chin. His eyes lost their dazed look, and strength flowed back into his face. Very quietly he spoke, "Romek was a good boy. I understand him now better than ever."

Then he was gone, and I remember thinking, "Yes Stefan, you understand him well; for you, too, would have made just such a sacrifice."



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GOD'S CANVAS

(Continued from page 16)

way connecting city to city. And there to the left, partly tucked behind a hill, was a city—a cluster of white and grey buildings nestled against the hills. That city, I was told, was Greenville, South Carolina.

On my right, I looked down into a valley that was too neat for reality. Yet it was real. The quaint little houses —some white and some red—looked like blocks scattered over a carpet of green by a child at play. Winding through the valley was a part of the ribbon of highway seen on the other side. Neatly cultivated, well-kept fields and pastures, barns and silos added the finishing touches to the picture.

Leaning precariously over the edge of the rocks, I could see a few houses of Highlands, North Carolina—the little town from whence I had come. Like Greenville, it was nestled between the hills.

I looked into the distance again. The deep green and blue hues of the peaks had changed to purple. The sky was vivid shades of lavender, pink, and blue. The sun—a great ball of fire—was almost gone behind the peaks and was casting rays of brilliant colors over the entire scene. Then, as the sun dropped behind the mountains, these colors changed to beautiful pastel shades. The sky was a mass of color. Great fingers of pink and blue reached into the heavens and seemed to pluck the stars out of hiding. As twilight crept stealthily in, the distant peaks seemed to fade into the clouds as fairy castles fade away. The town were no longer visible except as patches of light in black sea. The towering peaks became black silhouette against a dark sky dotted with stars.

Suddenly the mountain breeze, heretofore unnoticed became stronger, and the skies darkened. Presently a flas of lightning pierced the sky. The rumbling thunder fo lowed. It was time to leave. I wanted just one more glimps of the picture. The wind howled about me, but then ther came a brilliant flash of lightning revealing for an instant th whole scene. Even by the light of that flash, the view fro the summit of Satula Mountain was one of beauty, majesty and grandeur.

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The Sugar Dog

Carol Bowers

It was sunset in the slums. Like puffs of pink cotton candy, clouds floated across a remnant of light blue that haloed the horizon. But depths of violet were folding over the dingy, dilapidated hovels of River Street, shrouding their ugliness, and soon the darkness in the east would span the sky to meet the shadowy forms of the tenements, extinguishing the last flare of day. The people who loitered or hurried down River Street were oblivious of the beauty above them. Perhaps because they had learned to dread the night, they never raised their eyes.

Yet one frail child thrilled for the first time in her life as she gazed into the sunset, remembering the events of her day. Gloria was a beautiful child with a delicate, sensitive face and dark, brooding eyes — beautiful even though from her size one would not suspect that she was seven, almost eight years old. A worried expression flitted over her features. It had just occurred to her that her mother might become angry with her if she did not hurry home. She knew that she probably would not have any supper. It was growing dark quickly, and Gloria still had to cross the slums to where she and her widowed mother lived in a shabby apartment house just bordering on respectability. She quickened her step. Surely, the little girl thought, her mother could not be angry when she saw what she had to show her.

Timidly she watched the people milling about her. All had tired, hard faces. She thought that they would pay no attention to her. Even Big Max, the patrolman, did not notice her. Gloria stopped and gazed wonderingly at what she had been clutching. It was a Scotty dog about half a foot long molded of hard white sugar with raisins for eyes and a cinnamon tongue. Gloria did not see that she had smudged the candy with her dirty hands. On a piece of tinsel which Gloria had found and tied around the dog's neck sparkled the last beams of that day's sunshine. Holding her treasure with both hands, slowly and carefully Gloria raised the sugar dog and touched it to her thin cheek. Seeing a dirty little boy eyeing her closely, she hugged it again to herself and hurried through the littered streets.

Gloria shivered as a cool night breeze blew across her bare back. She had torn her dress in her scramble under the barbed-wire fence surrounding the carnival. She had wandered about absorbing all the strange, new sights and sounds—the whir of the rides, the snap and crack of the popcorn machines, the cupie dolls dressed in chartreuse feather skirts, and the drying candy apples dripping syrup. It had been hard for Gloria to decide how she would spend her only dime, for she knew that her mother had few dimes to give her. For a while she watched the painted ponies on the merry-go-round as they bobbed rhythmically to the music. But a ride would have been over in only a few minutes. Resolutely she had turned away and walked toward the candy booths across the way. She had noticed how quickly the warmth of the sunshine was melting the lime snow cones in one stall. Now as she remembered all the things she had seen, Gloria was glad that she had chosen the sugar dog. She would put him on the little table beside her bed where she could see him every morning, and she would keep him always. Drawing a deep breath of contentment, she turned down a long, winding street, darker than the others.

Suddenly a clamor rose above the usual confusion of noise. A gang of little boys had appeared, it seemed, out of nowhere. They were coming down the broken sidewalk toward Gloria. Her heart leaped to her throat. She wanted to cross the street so that she would not have to pass them, but she did not dare. One of the boys peered at her curiously to see what she was holding so tightly. Gloria lowered her head. They were getting closer. Breaking into a run, Gloria darted across the street and around a corner. Her legs churned until they ached. Never, not even once, did she look back. She could not hear anyone behind her, but still she ran. Up streets and down allays, deeper and deeper into the dark slum section she ran, still clutching the sugar dog. The light squinting from a shuttered window was not enough for Gloria to see the curb before her. She fell on the cement, skinning her knee. "The doggie!" she thought. "Where's my doggie?" Gloria strained for sight of it. Then, when her eyes grew accustomed to the faint light, she spied something white not far from her foot. Picking it up, she knew that it was the sugar dog unbroken. Thankfully, she sank down to the cold sidewalk and leaned against a garbage can.

A hand clamped noiselessly over her mouth. Another hand jerked her wrists behind her. The streets were empty.

Later that night the child sat sobbing in the precinct station with Mrs. Weber, a policewoman, trying to comfort her.

"Please don't cry, darling. We're going to take you home now."

The tears did not cease.

"Home," Mrs. Weber said, "home to mommy. Won't that be nice?"

Gloria looked into her kind face framed in soft gray hair. It was a face that belonged with such a mellow voice as hers.

"I don't want to go home."

"Why, little one? Ah, of course you do. Come on, be a big girl. Where do you live?"

"No, she'll be mad at me."

"Why?"

"So late."

"Nonsense. You'll only worry her more. Tell us where you live."

"She'll be mad."

"It'll be all right." Mrs. Weber put her hand on the child's shoulder.

"It wouldn't be so bad if I still had the candy doggie."

"Candy dog?" Mrs. Weber asked, getting up from where she had been kneeling before Gloria's chair.

Gloria's tears flooded her cheeks once more. She would not be consoled now. Sarah Weber sighed and glanced at the patrolman who had found the little girl.

"Do you know what she's talking about, Max?"

"No," he answered, rubbing his head, "not unless that was what they were stompin' on."

"Who's 'they'?"

"I was just around the corner when I heard something bang against a garbage pail. Well, I figure it's just a stray or something, but you never know. Thought it might o' been somebody trying to sneak up on me. You know how that beat is. So I went around the corner, and the first thing my light picks up is this little toughy stomping on a toy or something. Could have been shaped like a dog. Anyway a couple more kids were holding the little girl back. And you know the rest. Said she was lost. So I brought her in."

"Why were they doing it, I wonder," Mrs. Weber said thoughtfully.

"Crazy kids. Just trying to get smart—that's all. The one I caught hold of said she ran from 'em, and they were just having a little fun."

Mrs. Weber's lips tightened. "A little fun! They start off spoiling things . . . breaking windows, and in their teens, armed robberies. Then who knows?"

"Oh come on, Sarah," Bix Max smiled. "It *was* sorta mean, but after all boys will be . . ."

"Yes, yes, boys will be be boys. I know. It seems like such a little thing, and yet . . ." Her voice trailed off as she watched Gloria.

The child thrust her hand into her pocket and drew it out clinched. Slowly she opened her fist and stared at the white grains as they streamed like sand through her fingers to the floor.

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Mud and A Green Ribbon

Barbara Watkins Kelca

When the soft, silent shower was over, and the world was as fresh as my girl friend's new green hair ribbon, then was the time I would get tingly down on the very bottom of my feet. The last raindrops were still coming and all the trees were drippy, but I didn't care. I'd dash out and call my girl friend; then together we'd go huntin'. Here and there we'd look for just that right spot. And sometimes it was hard to find—never in the same place twice. One time down by the road, then back of the dog house, or best of all, in a new plowed field. Wherever it was we'd find it.

I'd go first. Since I was the man, I'd make my girl friend stand back 'til I had everything ready. First I'd roll my pants' legs up real high—one time I forgot, and Ma was hoppin' mad, too!

Oh-h, gee, did that water feel good. Nice and warm from the earth, not cold like that mountain creek I waded in one summer. Usually the water came just to the top of my toes 'cause if you got too much you couldn't make it do right. Well, anyway, I'd start steppin' up and down. If you've ever seen a mule pulling a plow, then you know what kinda steppin' I mean. Up and down, up and down, round and round I'd prance. Guess I showed off for my girl friend, too, sometimes.

Then that miracle would start to happen. Everything would start getting soft, and the water would get muddier and muddier. My girl friend would giggle and beg to come in, but I'd always make her wait 'til it was just right. When it was all finished, I'd get out, and we'd stand there looking at that puddin'-like mud.

My girl friend would give me her hand while we stepped in. That delicious chocolate slush would squeeze up between our toes, tickle the bottoms of our feet, and slide over the tops of them. We'd dig way down in it where it would hold our feet kinda tight. Then we'd put our hands on our hips and swing from left to right as far as we could go. This was really the best—even better than the cherry on a sundae! But one time my girl friend fell! She was the biggest mess I've ever seen. Mud was everywhere, even on her green hair ribbon. I had to go home with her 'cause she was afraid to go by herself. Next time she was careful not to swing so hard.

After we had stepped and swung awhile, the mud would get thick and sticky. Man! The sounds we could make with it like that. When it would come up between our toes, it would make a noise like a horse sucking in water on a hot day. If I'd take my foot out and stick it back in, it would

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sound just like Ma kneading her dough. Boy, how we used to laugh!

The sun would soon come out and start to dry up all the beautiful little pools. The birds would look frantically for the earthworms that the rain had brought out. The cows would come from under the sheds to lie in the sun again, and all the world would forget that wonderful little shower which had brought my girl friend and me such fun.

Ah, me, those quick spring showers, those lovely mud puddles . . . odd that my tired old mind should go back to these. Last night my girl friend died in her sleep, and as I sit here looking at her beautiful aged face, I see a mud-spattered green ribbon.

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FIRST FLIGHT

Mary Ann Dover

Hunched over the steering wheel, Clayton Fields strained o see the road in the downpouring rain. With the palm f his hand he wiped the windshield, then, remembering he defroster, turned it on.

"Probably be weather just like this," he muttered. "Maybe f it's bad enough, the plane will be grounded." He swerved harply to the right when he saw that he had gone over he white line. "Can't see a thing in this rain. Hope it eeps up and is foggy by Friday. Planes can't fly in the og."

The lines of anxiety in his forehead deepened. The lines ad been there since that morning—blue Monday—when . F. Middleton of J. F. Middleton Enterprises had come nto Clayton's office and boomed, "Fields, I've got a job or you over the week-end."

Clayton's heart had sunk. He and Marcia had planned o visit friends in Welborne over the week-end. It was just ike J. F. to spoil their plans.

"I want you to take a little trip," J. F. had continued.

"A trip?"

"Yes, Fields, to New York."

Clayton had felt disgusted. He didn't have the least de- ire to spend his week-end on a train.

"But sir," Clayton had said, "won't the trains be pretty rowded—"

"Oh, I've made all the reservations. You're not going y train. You've got to be back here Monday morning; so ou're to fly up Friday and fly back Sunday afternoon."

With that remark Clayton had felt a cold, sickening fear athering in the pit of his stomach. He had never been n an airplane in his life, and furthermore he never intended o be. He was afraid of airplanes. They crashed too often. t was much safer on the ground.

He had swallowed hard and with great difficulty. "F-Fly, r?"

"Yes, Fields. You didn't have anything planned for the eek-end, did you?"

"Oh, no. No, sir," Clayton had replied earnestly, at the me time wanting to kick himself.

"Good!" J. F. had said, and then he had told Clayton is assignment.

Clayton drove slowly into his garage, got out, and hurried nto the house out of the rain.

"Don't track mud on the rug," Marcia called from the itchen when the door slammed.

Clayton took off his coat and hat, abstractedly surveyed is thin, brown-clad frame in the mirror, adjusted his narrow- mmed spectacles, and went into the kitchen.

"What're we having?" he asked.

"Pork chops. I was watching 'The Way of Life' and most forgot supper. You know the old mean woman I as telling you about on that program? The one who . . ." larcia prattled on and on while she put supper on the table. They sat down to eat, and then, as if suddenly realizing that her husband hadn't been very conversational, she demanded, "What's wrong, Clay? You haven't said two words. Pass the salt."

"Nothing," he said, passing the salt.

"You're not getting a cold, are you? I mean, in this rainy weather and you won't wear your overshoes. Did you carry your umbrella?"

"No, and I'm not catching a cold."

"Yes, you are, too. Your head sounds stopped up. Take some of those cold tablets before you go to bed," she advised.

"I've not got a cold."

"You don't want to be sick this week-end if we're going to Welborne. Have a biscuit."

He had a biscuit. "We're—uh—not going to Welborne."

She stopped her fork halfway to her mouth. "What?"

"No. We're not going. At least I'm not."

"And why not, pray tell?" She plopped the fork down with a clang.

"I'm—uh—I'm going to New York." He had that sick feeling in his stomach again.

"New York! Clayton Fields, what are you talking about?" she demanded.

"I told you I'm going to New York Mr. Middleton came in this morning and said—"

"Mr. Middleton! I might have known he was behind this somewhere! What did he say?"

"Said he wanted me to go to New York this week-end. I'm to talk to a sales representative from Glasgow and Duncan, Incorporated, Saturday morning," he explained as best he could.

"Why couldn't Mr. J. F. Middleton himself go?"

"I don't know. I guess he has something else to do and wanted me to go."

"Did you ask him why he didn't go?"

"No," Clayton replied.

"Why couldn't somebody else go? Why you? You let that man push you around all the time without so much as saying a word back to him! Did you tell him we'd planned to go to Welborne for the week-end?" she fired at him.

"Well—no. No, I didn't."

"Clayton Fields! Oh, I just get so exasperated with you sometimes I don't know what to do! Why don't you stand up to him and tell him what you think once in a while? Why didn't you tell him about Welborne this week-end?"

"I don't know. I just didn't think he'd understand if—"

"He'd understand? *He'd* understand? Well, *I* certainly don't understand why you couldn't tell him we'd made plans for the week-end and for him to find somebody else to go! Sometimes I think you've got a sewing thread for a backbone!" she exploded.

"But he's already arranged the reservations in my name," Clayton tried to protest.

"Well, he could just unarrange and arrange for somebody else. When are you supposed to leave?"

"Friday."

"And spend all day on a train and be dead tired when you get there," she said knowingly.

"I'm not going on a train."

"You're not going to take the car! If you're going off for the week-end, I want the car," she told him with no bungling of words.

"No, I'm not going in the car."

"Then how in the world—" She saw his ashen face, and a smile began to cross her face which theretofore had worn a stormy expression. "You aren't going to fly, are you?"

"Fraid so."

"Oh, no!" she laughed. "This is just too good! Clayton Fields, scared to death of airplanes, flies to New York! Oh, Clay, I'm glad to hear that. Now I know for sure you won't go. You wouldn't step a foot on an airplane if your life depended on it."

"But I am going."

"You may say that now, but some time before Friday you'll change your tune. You'll not get on an airplane. That much I'm sure of."

The flight to New York was the main conversation topic with the Fieldses that evening. When Clayton went to work the following morning, he went with instructions to tell Mr. Middleton that he was sorry but he couldn go to New York and someone else would have to go i his place. When he left home, Clayton fully intended t tell J. F. just that; but when he got to the office, the tellin took on gigantic proportions, and every time he saw M Middleton Clayton got an uneasy feeling in his stomach Each time he would think "J. F.'s to busy now. I'll tell hir the next time I see him." Clayton made all sorts of plan as to how he would approach J. F. when no one was aroun and how he would explain his desire to stay away from th airplane and New York. Of course, he wasn't going to te J. F. that he was afraid to fly. Oh, no! That would neve do. J. F. would laugh for the rest of the week. He'd sa that Marcia had planned a trip to Welborne and insiste that—no. That wouldn't do. He'd just say he'd completel forgotten that he had to make an urgent trip to Welborn If worse came to worse, he'd say that one of Marcia's rel tives, poor Aunt Mildred, was very ill and not expecte to live. But none of his plans worked out. Every time h encountered J. F. his courage failed. As a result, he wen home that evening with the state of affairs totally un changed.

"You didn't tell him!" Marcia shrieked. "But why not?

"Well, I just decided I might as well go on. It'll do m good, and then I won't mind airplanes any more," Clayto lied.

"I hope you don't think I'll believe that. You're scare to get on that plane, and you're scared to tell J. F. yo don't want to go. You're nothing but scared all the wa around," she said.

She was right, and Clayton would be the first to adm

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—to himself. In all his life nothing had ever scared him so much as knowing that Friday evening he would have to climb aboard an airplane. Most of all he dreaded the take-off. He had heard that it made some people dreadfully ill. Every day that week Clayton went to work intending to tell Mr. Middleton to find somebody else to go to New York, and every day he came home without having told him. Every day Clayton went to work with butterflies in his stomach, and he came back home with them still there. The nearer Friday came, the more the butterflies increased. Clayton was sure he'd be suffering acutely from gastric ulcers by the week-end. He even hopel that he would. Thursday night when he went to bed he prayed for rain and fog.

Friday dawned bright and warm. Except for a quaking of the stomach muscles, Clayton much to his disgust, felt fine. He drove to work slowly, debating whether to tell J. F. that some one else must go to New York. Something kept telling him that he couldn't let J. F. down at the last minute. "But that's better than having me be let down permanently," he muttered with weak defiance, visualizing the smoking ruins of an airliner. But when Clayton drove meekly home at lunch time, it was obvious that if anybody was going to be let down, it was not J. F. Middleton.

Clayton packed his suitcase, feeling that he was on the verge of insanity. Before he left he took a long, sentimental look at the house, sure that it was his last. On the way to the airport the sensations in his stomach became almost unbearable. He swallowed hard several times, and once or twice he thought he was going to have to pull off the road and lose his lunch of milk (he'd heard it was good for ulcers) and chicken soup.

Marcia's heels clicked across the marble floor, and Clayton's shuffled along beside them. They came to a machine with a Travelers' Insurance sign. Clayton paused at the machine and began to read. Marcia pulled at his sleeve.

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"Come on."

"But I might need—I mean if anything—maybe—"

"Come on," she said. "You're already insured. And quit worrying. Nothing's going to happen."

They started across the floor again. "Wait a minute," Clayton said. "Let's sit down over here while I see if I've got everything I need in my brief case."

Marcia patiently sat on the sofa with him while he made a fourth inspection of his brief case.

"Flight seven-eighty-six for Washington and New York now loading at gate ten, north concourse," a resonant voice blared through the terminal.

"That's your flight," Marcia said.

"No, it's not," he said, fumbling with his reservation. "Yes, it is," he admitted when he saw the flight number.

Clayton pulled himself to his feet, and he and Marcia walked through the doors to the outside. The sun was setting and there was a cool breeze stirring.

"Oh, this is a lovely evening for flying," Marcia remarked.

"Yeah," he grunted.

"Now, don't be scared," she said. "That plane's not going to crash, and flying doesn't hurt a bit. Besides, you wouldn't have to be doing this if you'd told J. F. what I told you to."

Clayton walked toward gate ten like a condemned man walking to the gallows. Marcia noticed the gray lack of color in his face.

"For goodness sake, Clay, you're worse than a child. A child would be thrilled with its first plane ride, and you're scared to death."

Clayton winced at the word *death*.

"Do you have your chewing gum?" she asked.

His fingers fumbled around in his breast pocket. "Yes," he said hoarsely.

"Don't forget to chew it if you think your ears will pop. Mine never have, but yours might. The stewardess will probably give you some, but in case she doesn't you'll have some anyhow."

They stopped at gate ten. Clayton stared at the airplane. It was silvery gray and huge. In Clayton's eyes it was not only huge but also immense and grotesque, heavy and foreboding.

"I don't see how a thing that big can ever get in the air and stay there," he mumbled.

"Don't worry. It can and it will. You'd better get on Marcia advised, "if you want to get a good seat."

"Not right yet," he replied. "There's plenty of tim Where's a good place to sit?"

"Anywhere. Some people say it's not good to sit ove looking the wings, but it never bothered me."

He wished she'd quit rubbing it in about flying n bothering her.

"Why not? Sit over the wing, I mean?" he asked.

"I don't know. I've heard you bounce more there an it's easier to get airsick if you sit there. I don't believe though," she said.

A few minutes later the engines of the great plane start sputtering and the four propellers began to turn slowly.

"Pilot's beginning to rev the motors," Clayton gulpe

"Yes, and you'd better get on," she said, urging him towa the gate.

The poompata-poompata of the engines sounded to Cla ton like an agonizing cough. Something was surely wron

"I don't like the sound of those motors," he said darkl

"They always sound like that at first. They aren't o full force," she said.

Suddenly they blasted forth with all their fury, and Cla ton gasped. The big plane with its four engines roarin deafeningly was the supreme representation of power, an the sight and sound of it turned Clayton's knees to wate Then he noticed something else.

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"What's that fire spitting out the motors for?" he demanded, grasping Marcia's elbow.

"I don't know. It always does that. It's got little exhaust holes around the engines for the fire to come out. There's nothing wrong with it."

Clayton wondered vaguely where she'd learned so much about airplanes.

"You'd better go." She kissed him and shoved him through the gate. He turned around.

"Tell—tell everybody in Welborne I said hello." He wanted to add "and goodbye," but instead he said, "and that I'm sorry I couldn't make it."

"I will," she called over the roar of the engines. "Have a nice time."

"Yeah," he muttered.

Like a man in a nightmare, Clayton walked to the plane and climbed the steps. At the sight of the steward who checked his reservation, Cltyton's heart turned a somersault. He had expected in case he got sick, as he was sure to do, to have a sympathetic stewardess hold his head; but she'd be too embarrassed to let a man do it. He stumbled down the aisle and dropped into the first vacant seat he came to. Nervously he unwrapped a piece of chewing gum and put it into his mouth. He looked at the man beside him and immediately tagged him as a seasoned flier. He would be all alone in his misery. He felt dizzy and wanted desperately to get up and run off the plane, but he was sure that he couldn't move if he tried. He looked across his companion and out the window. It was dark and the airport lights were on. He noticed that the lights were blocked out by some sort of blackness in the middle of the window.

"What—why aren't the lights showing in the middle of the window?" he asked the man worriedly, in a voice which didn't sound at all like his.

The man looked at him curiously, then looked out the window.

"Oh," he replied. "That's the wing you see."

"The—the wing?" Clayton rasped.

"Yes. We're sitting over the wing."

Clayton's heart rolled up into a tight ball. He closed his eyes but soon opened them, afraid he would get sick if he didn't. In a few minutes the door clamped shut. The steward walked down the aisle, picked up a microphone, and began to speak. He told about take-off time and landing time and concluded with, "Fasten your seat belts, please."

All thumbs, Clayton began to fasten his belt. With a roar the plane began to move. It turned around and taxied slowly toward the runway. Clayton suddenly discovered that his safety belt was twisted. Panic seized him. He was afraid that if he tried to fix it he'd be caught unbelted at the take-off and afraid that if he didn't he'd fall into the aisle. Petrified, he decided to hold on tightly to the arm of his seat and pray. A No Smoking sign flashed on at the front of the plane. "Lord, please don't let anybody light a cigarette," he prayed.

The plane taxied to a halt at the end of the runway and stood for a few minutes with its engines roaring madly. Clayton swallowed hard, unconsciously swallowing his chewing gum, until his mouth was dry. The plane started down the runway, gathering speed. With his heart and stomach moving slowly toward his throat, Clayton pressed against the back of his seat, gripped the arms until his knuckles were white, closed his eyes, and prayed, "Lord, don't let it crash, and please don't let me get sick!" He was aware of the slight bumping of the plane down the runway; then the bumping ceased. The plane had stopped moving!

"Well, we're in the air," said a voice beside him.

Clayton opened his eyes and stared at his seatmate.

"We—we are?" Fearfully he looked out the window and saw that the lights of the airport were lowering away from the plane.

"Yes," replied the man. He smiled. "Your first flight?"

"Yeah," Clayton admitted, abashed.

"Mine, too," the man said. "I've been looking forward to it for the past week."

"Yeah," Clayton said with a nervous laugh of sudden and wondrous relief. "So have I."

My Love

Mary Ann Dover

My love is nothing like a red, red rose,
Nor any melody I've ever heard.
He has a patch of freckles on his nose.
His voice reminds me of an old jay-bird.
His hair is like the old bird's moulting wing.
His nose, much like a beak, blots half his view.
His teeth outshine the crown of any king,
Although in number they are very few.
Quite often to his eyes there comes a look
So grave and sober, calm and far away.
Although his thoughts aren't deeper than a brook,
I'm sure he'll learn to concentrate someday.
In spite of all his faults he has much gold,
And never will my love for him grow cold.

A Sonnet

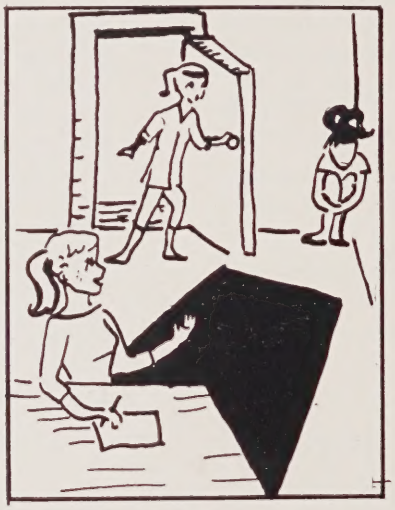
Carol Bowers

Though age may shake his graying head and say
That youth is all frivolity, uncouth,
He must remember faith will find its way,
That blessed promise smiles on hours of youth.
The loveliness of pure and budding joys,
Whose dreaming wafts like pollen on April dawns,
Is not to be misnamed as bloom that cloys,
That later growing thorns, deceiving, fawns
On hope. Nor should it be a shallow laughter
Or dancing feet that care not where they fly.
In sorrow rueing loss forever after,
Would age regret the measured mirth and die.
But joy's the poetry of youth, if true,
As wisdom sings in age that truth anew.

QUEEN'S DAZE

Come in, Wordsworth!

But . . . all the fellows
on the hall like him!



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